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AS WE GO TO PRESS the heads of seven governments are meeting in London—to do what? To save Germany! The very nation that thirteen years ago they were doing their utmost to destroy as Huns, beasts of Berlin, baby-killers, "a people worse than snakes—no, I apologize to the snakes," as Liberty Loan speakers put it in one of those official addresses sent out by our kindly and gentlemanly Treasury Department for their speakers everywhere to recite. Why is it that the same nations which were then trying to kill Germans are now trying to save them? Because they know that if Germany collapses financially, they will be ruined, too. How amazing it is that these same nations could not see in 1918 that every day they prolonged the war they were but digging their own graves; that every injury to the one country but crippled the other; that the whole world was intertwined and the World War, therefore, the most stupendous of madnesses. Now in peace time the effort is to rescue those once vile Boches, lest all perish. But does the world, and especially America, at last see that we are only paying for the war now; that the war is not yet over so far as its economic results are concerned—not by any means? That we shall continue to pay and that we shall eventually lose all that it cost us to aid our Allies? And that we may consider ourselves fortunate then if we still have our capitalist social organization unaltered?

"ONCE UPON A TIME," the cynical *Menorah Journal* remarks, "a Zionist was a Jew who meant to live in Palestine. . . . Now a Zionist is a man who invests his money in Palestine and runs home to West End Avenue to wait for his eight-per-cents to start rolling in." There is a sad grain of truth in the *Menorah's* bitterness. Zionism has become a great business enterprise operating in a hard and practical world, and its profound meaning to the Jewish people is often lost in a cloud of statistics. Hence the growth of the romantic movement known as revisionism, which made the news of the recent world Zionist conference at Basel. Vladimir Jabotinsky, leader of the revisionists, is a sincere and flaming soul who lives in daily communion with a dramatic dream of a Jewish national state—something more than a "national home"—on both sides of the River Jordan in Palestine. The Zionist leaders, he believes, have been too tenderly diplomatic with both British and Arabs. A magnificent and dangerous man, Jabotinsky. For the Jewish national home is today a minority in a little corner of the Arab world, owing its existence to lukewarm British support against the increasingly suspicious Arabs.

AT BASEL the revisionists were an earnest and vocal minority, demanding the removal of the old Zionist leaders and the adoption of planks which would make plain that the Jews wanted Palestine as their own. They succeeded, through various alliances, in ousting Chaim Weizmann, who won the Balfour Declaration from England and has given fifteen years of intense devotion to Zion, as president of the World Zionist Organization, but Dr. Weizmann was replaced by Nahum Sokolov, a Russian who has worked hand in hand with Dr. Weizmann since the early days of the World War. The revisionists affected the content of the resolutions adopted, but they could not turn them into frank declarations of political Zionism. In substance, the effect of the congress is that a loyal pilot has been dropped overboard and his policy faintly indorsed. The crucial MacDonald letter, stating the official position of the British Government, was, after a fight, accepted as a basis for further negotiation. Zionism, obviously, is in a state of slow flux. Some day the Zionists of the world will have to face more clearly than they have yet had the vision and courage to do the fundamental questions: What is Zionism? What does Palestine mean to Jewry? Perhaps before these can be answered, a deeper question still must be faced. What is Judaism?

THE FURTHER DOWNWARD PLUNGE of wheat to new low levels has of course been to a certain extent the result of the financial disorganization in Central Europe. Mr. Hoover's ample acknowledgment in his telegram to Senator Capper, therefore, of the close relation of wheat prices to foreign political and economic factors, is gratifying, particularly in view of his statement a week earlier implying that the decline was the result of the machinations of wicked short sellers. It is peculiarly unfortunate, however, and an unpleasant reminder of his assurances of a year or more ago that prosperity would be back in two months, that Mr. Hoover should have thought it necessary to add that "the major problem in this connection has been solved" by the

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recent debts and reparations moratorium. While that moratorium was a necessary and admirable first step, it seems pointlessly fatuous to refer to it as a "solution" just a day or two before a great conference of the heads of governments to meet an economic crisis unparalleled in the history of capitalism.

"SHOCKING TO ONE'S SENSE of justice" is the phrase used by the now extinct Wickersham Commission in describing "the famous Mooney case in California." This was in the course of the commission's report on criminal procedure. For some reason the voluminous findings on the Mooney-Billings case itself have not yet been published. Referring to the case, the present report declares:

> . . . upon appeal to the Supreme Court of the State from the judgment of conviction of murder and an order of the trial court denying motion for a new trial, that court held that a new trial could not be granted upon matter not appearing in the record, even though the new matter consisted of evidence charging perjury on the part of a material witness for the State. . . . The only remedy was the exercise of executive clemency. Such a state of the law is shocking to one's sense of justice.

Shocking, indeed. Except, apparently, to the sense of justice of several governors of California, who have had an opportunity to exercise executive clemency and have refused. Governor Rolph is reported to be at work upon Mooney's application for a pardon. It is inconceivable that he will not be influenced by the record of perjured witnesses, by the appeal of the trial judge and eleven of the jury, by the honest opinion of thousands of persons who believe that Mooney was not proved beyond doubt to be guilty of the crime for which he has already spent fourteen years in prison. The opinion of the Wickersham Commission simply adds to that burden of honest doubt. And the burden rests not on Tom Mooney in the end, but on the courts of California. They, too, need to be free.

THREE HUNDRED JOBLESS MEN marched upon the storekeepers of Henryetta, Oklahoma, the other day, not to beg for food, but to demand it. They went from shop to shop, declaring they would take what they wanted by force if it was not to be had by more peaceful means. Only great tact on the part of one or two leading residents of Henryetta prevented these almost desperate men from resorting to violence to satisfy their hunger. This is but a mild foretaste of what is coming next winter unless the responsible government officials in Washington and elsewhere awaken to the gravity of the situation before them. Starving men, even starving Americans, will take the law into their own hands when the society to which they belong denies them adequate food and shelter. When the hunger marches and subsequent disturbances begin spreading, will the local communities be found ready to cope with the situation? President Hoover believes they will. But last winter, when the problem was not nearly so serious, many cities and towns showed themselves unable to meet the unemployment emergency. Budgets were strained, deficits were incurred, news of disturbances was suppressed, and hundreds of thousands of people barely pulled through the winter without enough food or clothing. Are we to have this picture repeated next winter in increasing measure?

THE COMMUNISTS have called a nation-wide textile strike, presumably in support of their followers in the New England mills who have been out on strike since May. Orders for the general walkout have been issued by the National Textile Workers Union, though no definite date has been set. Meanwhile the Rhode Island and Connecticut mills involved remain closed. After two months of comparative quiet the situation there has suddenly become tense, the Rhode Island militia has been mobilized, State troopers have moved into the mills prepared for a long siege, and the police in at least one town, Pawtucket, have been instructed to use their guns whenever necessary to break up meetings or gatherings of strikers. The American Civil Liberties Union has found that "all the disorder and violence so far reported in this strike, with the exception of slight damage to property from missiles, has been caused by the police." In ordering a nation-wide walkout, the United Front General Strike Committee said that the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor would join the Communists. This was promptly denied by the A. F. of L., which makes it doubtful whether the National Textile Workers Union will succeed in its purpose. Nevertheless, the difference in attitude between the radicals and conservatives in the American labor movement is thus once more strikingly revealed. While leaders of the A. F. of L. have been contenting themselves with apathetic requests that wages be kept up, the Communists have been resorting to the strike, the most effective economic weapon labor has at its disposal, and incidentally have not failed to offer relief, inadequate often it is true, along with their labor doctrine; which will doubtless not make the doctrine less acceptable.

WHAT MAY PROVE the most effective plan yet devised to control the traffic in drugs has been adopted by twenty-eight nations in Geneva. Under the new convention for the limitation of drug manufacture the signatory governments agree to stipulate the quantities of habit-forming drugs needed for legitimate purposes in their countries. The production of narcotics in all the manufacturing countries will then be strictly limited to the total of these stipulated amounts. However, the new plan has one obvious weakness. It fails to control the production of raw materials. Such limitation was proposed by the Russian delegation, but rejected by forty-three votes to two. A news dispatch from Istanbul offers some hope that this omission may not prove so costly as now seems probable. Turkey has long been the largest producer of raw narcotics used in the illicit drug trade, and Turkey has likewise for years refused to subscribe to any treaty governing the production of narcotics. Now, however, the Turkish Government has indicated its willingness not only to accept the new convention, but also to sign the 1912 Hague treaty and the 1925 Geneva convention. This would at least put Turkey under moral obligation to stop the production of raw materials that enter into the illegal trade. China likewise may sign the new agreement, but the domestic situation in that country is still far from satisfactory. The Nanking Government announced a fortnight ago that its attempt to regulate opium distribution by public sale has failed. It is now seeking to establish a complete government monopoly, by means of which it hopes gradually to reduce the consumption of opium in the territory under its control.

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LEON TROTZKY has now denied what many of his friends believed, and what many enemies of Soviet Russia hoped for. He has not lost his faith in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics he helped create, and he will not turn his back on it. This he emphasized when interviewed by an Associated Press correspondent at his villa near Istanbul. "If those at Warsaw and Bucharest," he said, "hope the internal difficulties of the Soviet Union can reflect my tendency by representing me as being in the camp of the defeatists of the Soviet Union, they are truly mistaken." He declared his opposition was solely to the methods employed by Stalin, and "does not touch the general questions of socialism." In the moment of danger, he added, the Trotzkyists "will fill the most combative positions, as they did during the October upheaval or during the years of the civil war." This should dispose of the rumor peddled through Europe by the interventionists that they could look to Trotzky for help when they launched their much-discussed, but long-delayed, offensive against Russia. At the same time another anti-Russian falsehood was being denounced. The special committee of the Timber Trade Federation of the United Kingdom declared it had found "not a scrap of evidence of forced labor" in the timber industry of northern Russia. This committee has just concluded a thorough and unrestricted inquiry of its own into labor conditions in the timber area. Perhaps the United States Treasury might learn something by following the lead of the British timber men.

A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT is boiling over the forthcoming Washington memorial pageant at Yorktown. Yorktown, it will be remembered by all good patriots, was the little Virginia town at which Lord Cornwallis, representing his Majesty King George III, surrendered his sword, his army of 7,000 men, and the British hopes in the New World to the upstart American army under General Washington. The truth is that my lord Cornwallis was not present at the surrender and neither was the General. The Earl was "indisposed" and sent a substitute; the General also sent a representative, being disinclined probably to receive the weapon from any but the high command himself. The situation was complicated, for the British, by the presence of French warships in Chesapeake Bay and all sorts of pressing military engagements at home. The utmost good feeling prevailed, and the surrender was followed by a banquet at which the principals and many of their subordinates toasted each other gallantly. Some of these details have evidently been forgotten by the American Department of State. For when protests were made that a scene in the coming pageant depicting the surrender would hurt the feelings of the British, a subordinate official agreed, and it was proposed to substitute a "very beautiful parade" of ladies in colonial costume for the historic scene. This is a matter on which we are glad to say we have no opinion whatever. A dashing picture of officers in British uniforms of the period bowing handsomely to officers in Continental uniforms of the period would be nice; and a very beautiful parade, if the adjective applied to the ladies as well, would be nice, too. But it is comforting to know that when the State Department might be thought to be more or less busy with international affairs of first importance, it has time to keep an eye on momentous questions at home.

Men and Diplomacy

THAT a man can be a human being and a diplomat too, and that a diplomat need not be merely a reporting clerk at the end of a cable or telegraph wire, was clearly demonstrated by Dr. Friedrich Sthamer, whose death is reported from Germany. Here was one who had never been a diplomat or in any way trained for diplomacy, yet he was picked out by his government for the incredibly difficult job of becoming the first German Ambassador to London at the close of the war. His only previous offices were local ones held in his native city of Hamburg, which he successfully served as burgomaster. None the less, he accepted the commission and achieved a most extraordinary success. When he first went to London as chargé d'affaires in 1920, all England was still hating Germany, and Lloyd George's infamous hang-the-Kaiser campaign speeches were ringing in people's ears. But with quiet dignity, simplicity, and directness of manner Dr. Sthamer knew how to find his way to the hearts of the English people with whom he came in contact and to prove to them how misplaced the adjective Hun was in connection with Germans. He became a real friend of the King and Queen, who singled him out for attention because they enjoyed their contact with him and came like everybody else to admire him. For a decade he carried on this work, staying years beyond the retiring age by special request of his own government. Not until he was ill and seventy-three years old was he permitted to leave, and when he went the expressions of regret were widespread.

For Americans it is pleasant to recall that Dr. Sthamer was helped not a little by an extremely tactful wife, whose mother, Mary Codman, was a Bostonian. Both had the charm that comes from perfect manners and good breeding. They were accessible; they were intrenched behind no ceremonial. They never cringed; they did not apologize for their country or its war record, nor did they lick the boots of those with whom they came in contact. It goes without saying that they had unusual human qualities, and this distinguished couple contributed enormously to the disappearance of the war hatred in England in a far shorter time than was deemed possible when Dr. Sthamer arrived.

So we have additional proof that it does not necessarily take special training to make a great diplomat. Training for this career has its value, beyond question, in a complex world such as ours. But what counts after all when one assumes as delicate a position as Dr. Sthamer's or when one takes high office in a government is whether one has inborn wisdom and tact, courage and character. Given those, it is not so difficult for a man to fill any position in which he can make sincerity, honesty, and straightforwardness tell. There was nothing more of the old time diplomat about Dr. Sthamer than there was about James Bryce when he became Ambassador to Washington without any acquaintance with diplomacy. Mr. Bryce's extraordinary success was, like Dr. Sthamer's, due to his modesty, his force of character, and his freedom from anything that might seem like indirection or duplicity, not to mention his general knowledge of the world and especially of the country to which he was assigned. Men of vision and large souls score success wherever they may be placed.

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The United States Returns to Europe

SO we are back in Europe taking part in another European crisis. This time the "official observer" role is frankly abandoned. Secretary Stimson and Secretary Mellon are attending the London conference of seven nations called to deal with the German crisis as the official representatives of the American Government and as full-fledged delegates, while General Dawes, who is again inopportunely absent from his post, is to hurry back as fast as possible. We are quite aware that the Administration has announced that its representatives will not act in questions involving politics—let that dust blind whose eyes it may. For the present, however, it must be plain to everybody that Europe's affairs are ours as well; that if Europe collapses financially, the United States will face the gravest possible emergency. Call it what you will—selfishness, or enlightened self-interest, or idealistic succor of others in distress—we are doing the right and proper thing, though very, very late. The question still is whether the eleventh hour had not passed before Mr. Hoover moved.

We are well aware that in radical circles, especially in the West, there is a widespread belief that Mr. Hoover acted only because the international bankers saw that they were about to lose all their heavy investments in Germany, and that he is merely pulling their chestnuts out of the fire. Whoever may have convinced Mr. Hoover that it was time to act, this is a case where the interests of the bankers, the government, and the people of the United States coincide. We have paid and are paying now a high enough price for the economic crisis, but that would be little compared to the results of a world-wide economic disaster. Any American government would be recreant to its trust if it failed to go to the rescue of Europe. The United States has played a large part in producing the conditions which menace Europe and ourselves, through its scandalous tariffs, and our insistence on our debt settlements while making it just as difficult as possible for our debtors to pay us. We are aware, too, that there will be a great outcry when Congress meets again that the United States has returned to Europe without specific authorization by that body. Let those who feel thus ask themselves whether they favored American intervention in the war in 1917. If they did, their lips are sealed; their protests must be thrown out of court. When this country decided to violate its sound policy of refraining from European entanglements, it courted if it did not insure precisely what is happening. We made an Allied victory possible instead of that peace "without victors or vanquished" for which Mr. Wilson appealed so eloquently on January 22, 1917; we prolonged the war and ladled our money out to our Allies. The events of today are as clearly the consequences of that fatal decision as anything can be. Nor is the extent of the price that we must yet pay within the vision of any living man.

The Nation can today only applaud the decision of the President to cast off subterfuge. It is especially gratifying that the conference opens with Mr. Hoover's plan for aiding Germany by the renewal of short-term credit. Our participation does not mean that we shall enter the League of Nations, or undertake any alliances. It does mean that, seeing the beginning of a conflagration, we propose to lend a hand to help put it out before it singes—or burns—our own edifice. For all the pleasant words in the official statement of the results of the Brüning-Laval conference in Paris, the fact remains that little or nothing seems to have been actually accomplished. It was a *succès d'esprit*—nothing else. The Germans came; they were handsomely received; the ice was broken; personal contacts were established and a clear and cordial understanding was arrived at. That is all to the good. But the French have officially declared that "under the reserve of certain financial guaranties and measures of political appeasement the French Government would be ready to discuss later the terms of financial cooperation on a basis of international collaboration"—which means that, aside from the enormous benefit of a German Chancellor's being heard in Paris, the result of the conference is practically nil. This communiqué is, moreover, in most striking contrast with an interview given to the United Press by a spokesman of Premier Laval on July 17, when he stated that France was "not a Shylock" and had no intention of exacting any political terms of Germany. We still cannot believe that any German Government can meet the demands of "political appeasement" asked by the French and remain in office in Berlin.

Hence the gravity of the latest meeting in London. No mere face-saving compromises will suffice. As we write, the news of financial conditions in Hungary and Rumania is worse and not better. The contagion is spreading as did the contagion of war in August, 1914. If the London conference provides only for support of the mark it will merely have supplied the most temporary relief. It is a thoroughgoing sanitation of Germany which is required, and after it, as rapidly as possible, relief measures for other states. Saving the mark will not restore the flow of trade or even the necessary confidence in the stability of the European situation. It is therefore greatly to be hoped that the American and English representatives will let it be known as clearly as possible that they are not in favor of Germany's signing away her sovereignty under any circumstances, but least of all in return for a temporary credit for the support of the mark. The German bankers are right in declaring that only a long-term credit can replenish the Reichsbank's reserve permanently, make possible adequate currency circulation, and prevent the further calling of bank credits to business, which would inevitably bring further insolvencies.

Meanwhile, the Department of Commerce has made public a report calling attention to the fact that of twenty-three countries in Europe sixteen are reporting deficits due in large measure to the economic crisis. Could anything illustrate more clearly the sickness of the body economic everywhere, or the interest that governments all over the globe have in seeing something done at London to stem the drift toward international bankruptcy and repudiation? Only the statesmen who were in office on August 1, 1914, have had a greater responsibility to face than that which rests upon the men who have assembled in London.

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The Slump on the Ocean

THE trouble in which the United States Lines find themselves is so grave that the announcement of the taking over of this corporation by the Roosevelt–International Mercantile Marine Company is daily expected. In the international conferences here and abroad for a drastic reduction of the Atlantic fares, the representatives of the United States Lines have been most eager for lower rates, after stating frankly that they expected this year to earn only a fraction of what they made in 1930. Hence their efforts to turn back the Leviathan and other ships to the United States Shipping Board, from which the company contracted to purchase them. Hence their abandonment of the foolish plan to build two monster liners to keep up a weekly fast service in competition with the new German liners and the record-breaking Cunarder now under construction, and the slowing up in construction of the two 30,000-ton ships to which the company was committed before the economic collapse came. The stock of the United States Lines has now fallen almost to nothing, which is an especial hardship upon the many employees who put their savings into the enterprise.

Whether the new combination will meet with greater success or whether the government will not finally have to take back its vessels, time will show. In P. A. S. Franklin, the Roosevelt–I. M. M. Company has the most experienced of American shipping managers, who has won the friendship and support of many of our foremost financiers. But even the most experienced managers are at a loss at the present time, for the world crisis is almost at its worst on the ocean. Thus, the chairman of the General Ship Owners' Society of London has just reported that more than 2,250,000 tons of British shipping are idle, and 45,000 seamen deprived of their means of livelihood. In the whole world there are eight and one-half million gross tons of shipping now laid up for lack of cargoes. Conditions in the North Atlantic trade are worse than they have been in the memory of any living man—not even the German submarine created greater havoc. Never before have the leading steamship companies laid off some of their largest and fastest ships in June and July—the best earning months for east-bound travel. It has been publicly stated that the loss in traffic is at the rate of 6,000 passengers a week—127,000 in the first five months of the year. Only two ships are earning money, the crack North German Lloyd liners, Europa and Bremen, the latter being the only vessel to leave New York in 1931 with cabins entirely full—this on her voyage beginning July 17. So great is the attraction of these vessels, which cut one day from the voyage, that the North German Lloyd was the only line in the world to report a net profit in earnings in 1930—one of 10 per cent. These ships have a capacity of 2,200 passengers in all classes; their average for 1930 was 1,447; the average of the three leading Cunarders was 700.

But it is not only the economic crisis which Americans must consider in studying their merchant-marine problems. The truth is that not a single transoceanic American line could stand on its own feet even before the slump. Nothing but the huge government subventions in the form of building loans and mail contracts have made possible the establishment of the lines which have come into being since the Jones-White legislation of 1928. From New York alone today forty-two lines flying the American flag are operating seventy-five services—eight to Europe, ten to South America, seventeen to the Caribbean and Central America, three to the Far East, three to Africa, and one to Australia—two of these services reaching around the world. The duplication in existence is best illustrated by the fifteen American-flag lines operating to Havana, the twelve lines to Honolulu and Manila, and the ten which send ships to Hongkong and Shanghai. It goes without saying that most of these are freight services; it is one of the remarkable developments of the post-war shipping period that the old tramp steamers, wandering from port to port with utter irregularity, as business dictated, have yielded to freight lines with regular sailings. More than that, many of these new freighters are fitted with most acceptable cabin accommodations for those travelers for whom speed is no object. But New York is not the only American port with transoceanic lines. Philadelphia has twenty-six, Baltimore twenty-five, including one direct to Hamburg inaugurated on July 17, Norfolk eighteen, Boston seventeen, Newport News twelve, Savannah nine, Portland, Maine, and Charleston, South Carolina, eight each, Wilmington, North Carolina, seven, in addition to the other services. No less than eighteen Gulf ports are also operating American-flag ships, of which New Orleans has sixteen lines, Mobile fourteen, and even Tampa, Florida, twelve. This is certainly an amazing expansion.

The question of its cost is, however, an extremely important one. The Treasury is now paying out $21,000,000 a year, almost a pure gift to the owners of these lines, save that a certain amount of mail is carried by these ships at a far higher rate than was ever paid for mail in all the world before. Within three years this sum will rise to $30,000,000, just at the moment when Mr. Hoover is struggling to hold down the expenses of the country. For years the shipping interests sought a direct subsidy. This, Congress time after time refused to vote, but the after-the-war demand for an American merchant marine led to the institution of this mail subsidy—it is not a mail payment for service rendered. More than that, the administration of this expenditure has been such that we look for a sensational exposure whenever Congress gets round to an investigation. Certainly it will never approve the policy of the government in making these mail payments to the purchasers of old ships at as low as $7 a ton, when it was the deliberate intention of the framers of the law to award these contracts only to new vessels to cost about $150 a ton. We believe that mail ships should be paid a reasonable price for actual service rendered, but no subventions. We have never believed in government support of an industry which could not justify itself financially, and we do not believe that the arguments that such a fleet is needed for national defense, or because of national pride, are worth the paper they are written on. Germany's fleet has been rebuilt without subsidy of any kind. If we cannot do as well, we should let others carry our trade.

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President Hoover's Record

VI. Mr. Hoover's "Noble Experiment"*

By PETER H. ODEGARD

IN his speech of acceptance on August 11, 1928, Mr. Hoover referred to the Eighteenth Amendment as "a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose." He did not suggest that he thought the experiment wise or successful. On the contrary he declared: "Common sense compels us to realize that grave abuses have occurred—abuses which must be remedied [and] only an organized, searching investigation of fact and cause can . . . determine the wise method of correcting them." Thus the candidate comforted the drys, reassured the wets, and committed himself to nothing.

The Coolidge administration of prohibition had been bitterly criticized by wets and drys alike. Both expected more action and less talk from Mr. Hoover. The drys claimed him as their man from the start and hailed his election as the beginning of a new era in prohibition enforcement.

In his inaugural address he referred to "disregard and disobedience of law" as the "most malign" of all the dangers confronting the country, and indicated his intention to appoint a national commission to study the problem and propose remedies. The commission was not to confine itself to prohibition, but was to study "the whole structure of our federal system of jurisprudence." But it was upon prohibition that public attention was focused.

On May 20, 1929, Mr. Hoover announced the appointment of his law-enforcement commission with George W. Wickersham as chairman. It is significant that in the President's first address to the commission he made no direct reference to prohibition. That prohibition was uppermost in the mind of Mr. Wickersham, however, is seen in a letter which he addressed to Governor Roosevelt of New York in July. After calling attention to the concurrent-power provision of the Eighteenth Amendment, Mr. Wickersham said:

> If the national government were to attend to preventing importation, manufacture, and shipment in interstate commerce of intoxicants, the State undertaking internal police regulation to prevent sale, saloons, speakeasies, and so forth, the national and State laws might be modified so as to become reasonably enforceable.

This very sensible proposal was met with a chorus of protests from the drys. Bishop Cannon denounced it as "defeatism," Senator Caraway demanded Wickersham's resignation, and Mr. Clinton Howard of the National United Committee for Law Enforcement objected to the Constitution being "Wickershammed into a squatter-sovereignty hodge-podge." Mr. Hoover gave no sign of approval or disapproval of Mr. Wickersham's suggestion. He appeared satisfied that, the commission having been set to work, the issue had been successfully sidetracked for the time.

In the meantime, the President recommended to Congress certain changes in the law relating to enforcement. There was little that was new in the Hoover legislative program. His major recommendations included transfer of the Prohibition Bureau from the Treasury to the Department of Justice, provision for the relief of congestion in the courts by simplifying the procedure for dealing with petty prosecutions, recodification of the prohibition laws, the organization of an effective border patrol, a new prohibition law for the District of Columbia, expansion of federal prisons, and a plan for the use of State officers in federal law enforcement.

The Williamson act, transferring the Prohibition Bureau to the Department of Justice, was approved by the President May 28, 1930. Several prison-reform measures were enacted and a number of new federal judgeships created. Some two and a half millions were added to the appropriations for enforcement to enable the employment of five hundred additional agents. Bills to carry out Mr. Hoover's other recommendations, in spite of considerable pressure from the White House, were stillborn.

Senator Howell of Nebraska, on September 21, 1929, delivered a biting attack upon the President for his failure to enforce prohibition in Washington. Mr. Hoover immediately demanded that Howell furnish him with evidence concerning violations. The Nebraskan lamely replied that he had no evidence and in the end became sponsor for an Administration measure providing a prohibition-enforcement code for the District of Columbia. The debate on this bill dealt chiefly with its radical search-and-seizure clause, suggested by the Prohibition Bureau, under which a police magistrate might issue a search warrant upon mere suspicion that intoxicants were illegally made or stored in a home. The bill came in for a vigorous drubbing by both wets and drys. It had been placed on the preferential calendar and everyone expected immediate and favorable action. But as Senator Glass expressed it, the Senate declined "to exasperate people further with prohibition by proceeding with a farce like this bill."

Overshadowing all other aspects of the Hoover prohibition policy, was the final report of the Wickersham Commission submitted January 20, 1931. The country had assumed that this report would be made the basis for definite recommendations looking toward a sane solution of this question. Long before the report was made public, rumor had it that a fundamental change in the existing law would be proposed and at least two commissioners believed that such a recommendation had been made. Commissioner William Grubb in his individual statement said: "I join in the findings of fact and all the ultimate conclusions in the general report . . . except that recommending that the amendment be revised immediately without awaiting a further trial." A similar statement was made by Paul J. McCormick. As a matter of fact, the general report made no such recommendation, although seven of the eleven commissioners favored immediate repeal or revision. What the

* The sixth of a series of articles on President Hoover's Record. The seventh, on Secretary Hoover's Power Record, by Amos Pinchot, will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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report said was that there should be a further trial, "and if after such trial effective enforcement is not secured, there should be a revision of the amendment." Aside from this, the general report contained nothing new. Every other recommendation was ancient history.

The bulk of the 286 pages of the commission's report is a devastating picture of the breakdown of enforcement. The drys were comforted by the conclusions that there should be no repeal, no modification to permit wines and beer, no return of the saloon, and no engagement in the liquor business by the federal or State government. Mr. Hoover emphasized this aspect of the report when he said: "The commission, by a large majority, does not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. . . . I am in accord with this view." All this in the teeth of the fact that a majority were individually for immediate repeal or revision. It seems, as Senator Norris commented, that the commission "was trying to prepare something which everybody could sign and nobody agree to."

In presenting the report to Congress the President said:

> I must not be understood as recommending the commission's proposed revision of the Eighteenth Amendment, which is suggested by them for possible consideration at some future time if continued effort at enforcement should not prove successful. My own duty and that of all executive officials is clear—to enforce the law with all the means at our disposal, without equivocation or reservation.

From Mr. Hoover's point of view the work of the commission was pretty much wasted effort, since it revealed nothing new and suggested no new remedies except those which he repudiated. It is not surprising that in view of the President's stand and the apparent misunderstanding within the commission itself many persons should believe that the general report and conclusions had been issued under pressure from the White House. This has of course been denied.

In his address to the Associated Press on April 22, 1929, Mr. Hoover outlined his enforcement policy. There were to be no "dramatic displays of violent attacks in order to make headlines," but a systematic strengthening of law-enforcement agencies "week by week, month by month, year by year." Federal agents were not to enforce the law by violating it themselves. There was to be a more systematic effort to weed out incompetent and dishonest agents and a "rigid scrutiny of the records and *attitudes* of all persons suggested for appointment."

On the administrative side Mr. Hoover has had a considerable measure of success. The transfer of the Prohibition Bureau to the Department of Justice brings together the work of detection and prosecution and makes possible a concentration of power and responsibility. The President has placed able and trustworthy men in charge of enforcement. Attorney General Mitchell, who has the confidence of the drys as Mr. Mellon did not, supports Mr. Hoover's view that only conscientious prohibitionists should be appointed to the service. He frowns on illegal methods and has declared that such practices as indiscriminate wire-tapping, illegal searches and seizures, violence and bloodshed are not to be tolerated. Colonel Amos Woodcock, Director of Prohibition, has been hailed as "the man of the hour in the prohibition-enforcement field." A recent letter from an outstanding Anti-Saloon League leader says:

> Unquestionably Woodcock is the best director we have had. The newspapermen in Washington who have discerned the shallowness of brains and penetrated the sham of Lowman tell me that Woodcock stands ace high. There doesn't seem to be any dissenting voice on this regardless of whether the newspaperman is wet or dry.

Colonel Woodcock has announced that he will pay no attention to the petty household offender.

> Our objective [he says] is against the sale, the commercial manufacture, and the commercial transportation of intoxicating liquor. I will not have our agencies following the course of least resistance and wasting their time upon pitiful, picayunish, non-commercial cases.

With the additional 500 agents recently provided he now has a force of some 3,200, but he insists he is more interested in the quality than in the quantity of enforcement officers. By careful selection, the rigid application of the merit system, and the inauguration of a system of efficiency ratings upon which to base promotions he hopes to reward the competent, eliminate the incompetent, and develop a better morale. He prefers young men. Each new agent is put through a period of intensive schooling during which emphasis is laid on the law governing search and seizure, injunction proceedings, and so forth. Agents are instructed that since the search-and-seizure provisions of most State laws are much more lax than those of the federal law, "with State and federal officers cooperating sincerely, more beneficial results will be obtained by reason of the wide latitude of authority given to State officers."

These instructions come with poor grace from an administration which scorns illegal methods. For as Representative Linthicum of Maryland recently declared:

> The agents of the federal Prohibition Enforcement Bureau are encouraged and instigated to cooperate with State and local officers to violate the plain and emphatic provisions of the federal Constitution and statutes. They are told to do things in conjunction with State and local officers which, if they did them as federal officials, would bring them within the range of federal statutes and subject them to severe punishment.

Obviously, the Prohibition Bureau is attempting to deal with the weakest link in the chain of enforcement—State and local cooperation. Mr. Hoover has repeatedly emphasized this aspect of the problem. The Wickersham report declared that "without genuine cooperation by the State police authorities the federal forces are wholly inadequate to enforce the law against speakeasies, bootleggers, and small distillers." Not much genuine cooperation can be hoped for in those States where local enforcement laws have been repealed and wet sentiment runs high. Only recently Attorney General Warner of Massachusetts instructed the State police that since the repeal of the "Baby" Volstead Act they no longer have any authority to enforce the prohibition laws.

In view of this situation a new theory—the Hoover-Mitchell-Woodcock theory—seems to be emerging—namely, that of leaving all but interstate combinations and commercial manufacture and transportation to the State and local officers. "As things are at present," says the Wickersham report, "there is virtual local option."

The President has repeatedly emphasized the obligation of the private citizen to obey the law and assist in its en-

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forcement. Thus in his first message to Congress he said:

> Law cannot rise above its source in good citizenship—in what right-minded men most earnestly believe and desire. If the law is upheld only by government officials, then all law is at an end. Our laws are made by the people themselves; theirs is the right to work for their repeal; but until repealed it is an equal duty to observe them and demand their enforcement.

In an effort to mobilize opinion in support of the law, "Three Gun" (Harold D.) Wilson, deputy prohibition administrator for Delaware, has organized vigilance committees of citizens to cooperate in promoting law observance and enforcement. These tactics are reminiscent of William H. Anderson's Allied Citizens of America, of painful memory. Mr. Wilson presumably has the support of both Colonel Woodcock and the President in this new experiment. If successful in Delaware it may result in a nation-wide "cooperative and coeducational program."

Mr. G. Aaron Youngquist, Mr. Hoover's assistant attorney general in charge of prohibition, is convinced that enforcement is becoming more effective. Cases prepared by enforcement officers have stood up better, there being 1,177 fewer cases dismissed in 1930 than in 1929. It is significant, however, that in the Southern District of New York 90 per cent of the cases brought before United States commissioners are thrown out, according to a recent statement made by Andrew McCampbell, administrator for this area. Jail and prison sentences were imposed in 27,709 cases in 1930, an increase of 5,107 over 1929. Last year 56,992 cases were instituted and 52,437 were terminated as follows: dismissed, quashed, or discontinued 12.7 per cent; pleas of guilty 76.7 per cent; trials by jury 10.6 per cent. Apparently "bargain day" continues as a feature of prohibition enforcement.

Dr. James Doran has been continued in charge of the division of industrial alcohol in the Treasury Department. According to his report for 1930 illegal diversion of industrial alcohol "is not one-fourth that of three years ago . . . the independent denaturing plant has been practically put out of business, hundreds of permits have been revoked, very few new ones have been issued, and hundreds of formulae have been strengthened." It seems well established that industrial alcohol as a source for liquor has been substantially reduced and now constitutes a relatively minor problem. The amount illegally diverted last year was estimated at only 9,000,000 gallons. The bootleggers seem to have turned to the use of corn-sugar production, which has increased from 150,000,000 pounds in 1921 to 960,000,000 pounds in 1930.

In spite of improved administration the general situation has not materially changed. Federal courts and prisons are still crowded. This congestion is bound to increase as more States move into the wet column and repeal their local enforcement acts, thus closing the State courts to prohibition cases. Notwithstanding instructions to agents to be more cautious in the use of firearms, the press continues to report killings by prohibition agents. Since 1920 a total of 227 persons have been killed, of whom 69 were agents and 158 civilians. Corruption is general, and although political favoritism has declined, it still constitutes a major obstacle to effective enforcement. Commissioner Kenyon in his separate report declared that "even after prohibition agents were placed under Civil Service, political interference persisted [and] some of the worst men had the strongest political backing." Political influence has been exerted to secure withdrawal permits and to provide protection for bootlegging syndicates. On this topic the general report of the Wickersham Commission said: "Political interference has decreased, but as our institutions are organized and conducted, it will always be a menace to effectual enforcement."

The President, as leader of his party and head of the national administration, is in a strategic position, should he care to do so, to compel politicians to keep hands off the enforcement personnel and procedure. If it became known that Presidential patronage would be distributed to local leaders who cooperated in the enforcement program and to no others, one might reasonably expect a decided change in the present situation. Unfortunately, Mr. Hoover either does not dare or does not care to take so decided a stand. He is content with a policy which gives him the support of the drys without sacrificing the support of Republican politicians to whom prohibition is a new pork barrel second only to the tariff. The situation is not materially different from that described by Mr. Pinchot when he said: "Under the Coolidge Administration there has been dry talk enough to keep the drys contented—most of them—but not dry action enough to keep the wets from getting all the drink they wanted." The *California Liberator,* organ of the Anti-Saloon League in Mr. Hoover's own State, calls loudly for action. "Teddy's Big Stick and a few cracked [political] skulls would do a lot of good."

Whether for good or ill Mr. Hoover has become the Melchizedek of the drys. Already Senators Capper of Kansas and Dickinson of Iowa have proclaimed him as the drys' candidate for 1932. Similar statements have been issued by powerful dry organizations. It is going to be more difficult to straddle the issue in 1932 than ever before. In spite of the issues which have emerged incident to the depression, in spite of the insistence by party leaders that economic issues come first, prohibition will not down. Mr. Raskob and other Democratic leaders are obviously endeavoring to reconcile the South to a wet candidate. Powerful leaders in the Republican Party are demanding a wet plank in the 1932 platform. Eight States with over a quarter of the population have officially repudiated prohibition. Straw votes conducted by the *Literary Digest* and the American Bar Association reveal an overwhelming preponderance of wet sentiment. The Republicans of New York have come out openly for repeal. The Republican convention in New Jersey which nominated Dwight Morrow indorsed his demand for repeal by a vote of ninety-five to thirteen. Republican Party platforms in seven States and Democratic platforms in fourteen States in 1930 declared for modification or repeal. A recent confidential poll of 200 members of the new Senate and House reveals two-thirds of them in favor of modification or repeal. A dry Republican running on a dry platform may have a difficult time of it in New York, Illinois, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts.

The wets in both parties seem to have the party leaders "on the spot." Mr. Hoover may come to feel before the campaign of 1932 gets under way that in his morganatic marriage with the drys he has taken a bear by the tail. It is politically dangerous to hang on; it would be fatal to release his hold.

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Why Must the Miners Starve?

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Pittsburgh, July 15

PITTSBURGH agrees with Chairman John Barton Payne of the American Red Cross. In explaining that his organization could not send food or clothing to the striking miners he said: "The coal strike was the result of an economic situation prevalent in that industry for the last ten years and may continue indefinitely." That is precisely how the residents of the Steel City feel. They have plugged their ears to shut out the tales of woe that have come pouring in on them from the coal fields during the last decade. They will not as much as discuss the suffering which today is greater than it ever has been. The pulpits of the town are silent; its civic leaders are busying themselves with other matters; the newspapers are alive to the situation only when blood is shed or other violence done. In short, this city, which has lived in large measure off the bituminous industry, does not seem to care, and its apathetic attitude serves to prevent the distressing news from the mining towns from reaching the world outside.

Within a few score miles of Pittsburgh a hundred thousand families are going down under the relentless pressure of the economic situation which Judge Payne believes "may continue indefinitely." Some of the helpless human beings involved are actually dying today. More will probably die tomorrow. By next winter—unless some miracle intervenes—the toll of starvation and disease may be greater than any yet recorded on the pages of American industrial history. This is not my belief alone. It is also held by a physician living in one of the coal towns, who is occasionally employed to handle company cases, and by the president of a mining company operating in another section, and by dozens of social workers and investigators who lately have visited the coal fields. The physician frankly confessed that a number of children and young people in his community were literally dying from hunger before his eyes, and he added that his neighborhood was by no means exceptional in this respect. The coal-company president said briefly: "I am sorry that I must admit it, but the children are starving in our coal district." On the same day I saw in a half-dozen other communities adults who had not had more than a chunk of bread or two to eat in a week, and young children who had not tasted milk or anything other than dry bread and canned vegetables for a fortnight or longer. Some of the men in these villages were on strike; others were working; but so low are the wages paid in western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio that even the latter were not getting enough to eat.

Together with Colston E. Warne and William L. Nunn, two of the foremost students of the coal problem in this country, I have just visited the mining sections in the Pittsburgh area. After our tour Professor Warne said: "Though for ten years I have been in close touch with conditions in the bituminous coal fields, I confess I was unprepared for the shock I received upon returning to western Pennsylvania after a year's absence." At Cedar Grove near Avella, for example, we found two to three hundred sorry-looking men, women, and children living in barracks that had been erected during the last strike. The occupants had been evicted from company-owned homes. They had crowded themselves into the one-room quarters of these weather-beaten, wind-shaken wooden shacks. In one of these rooms, which measured no more than twelve by eighteen feet, a family of three adults and nine children was living. Occasionally, by sending committees out on begging expeditions, the occupants of the barracks managed to scrape together enough food at least to help the women and children. For shelter they had merely walls of wide boarding generously perforated with gaping holes, and leaky roofs overhead; and of medical attention they had none whatever, although there were several cases of illness in the camp. Not a single doctor in the neighborhood would come to them when called, all of the doctors being employed by the coal companies, or living in fear of the companies. Once or twice an independent physician did respond to repeated calls, but his fee was three times the usual rate, and more than the strikers could pay.

Worse yet was the predicament of the two hundred white and colored folk living in the company "patch" of the Seldom Seen mine. This village is buried in the shade of a mountain several miles from the nearest paved road; it lies in its unseen hollow neglected by civilization and human sympathy alike. It was here that the strike started, spontaneously, and without urging from Communists or union organizers. Today the residents of Seldom Seen are existing wholly by their own efforts. They raise a few vegetables, and for the rest dispatch delegations to the nearby communities, themselves in want, to beg for food. The O'Briens, spokesmen for the people in this "patch," had not had bread for several days when we called on them, and only by the strictest economy had they succeeded in doling out the meager and inconstant milk supply so that the younger children might have fresh milk at least once a week. Here, too, as at Cedar Grove and elsewhere, medical attention was entirely lacking and the camp's supply of medicine was depleted. The rickety, dark, foul-smelling huts these people call home added the final touch to their almost indescribable misery.

Again, in the Castle Shannon region on the outskirts of Pittsburgh, in the vicinity of Buffalo farther south, down through Washington County, on the West Virginia border, along the Ohio line, and in the neighborhood of Export toward the east, virtually the same conditions were observed. Here a community was getting some relief; there the food had been cut off and the miners' families were subsisting on weeds and on hard, blackened crusts from the bread boxes of more fortunate townspeople. In some of the villages are children who have never known the taste of cow's milk, and in others there are whole families whose diet consists solely of an occasional ration of dried beans and coarse bread. Nowhere did we find enough of anything to go around. Even the miners who have remained at work complained of the food shortage. Hundreds of them, feeling that they "might as well starve up here as down in the mines," have

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quit the pits voluntarily and not under orders from the strike leaders.

But if these men do not work they lose their homes, which almost without exception are company-owned. Evictions are piling up daily. In the first few weeks of the strike at least a thousand families were dispossessed. How many have since then had their household belongings dumped outside the company "patch" by mine guards or deputy sheriffs can only be guessed. In many instances the miners have refused to move, though eviction notices have been served on them. At the moment some of the companies are hesitating to go farther than to have these notices served, probably because they do not dare to stir up the undertone of rebellion that is noticeable throughout the coal fields. The Communists directing the strike are to all appearances making deep inroads among the underfed miners. Meanwhile the evicted families are finding shelter where they can; fifty or more of them have found room at the Cedar Grove barracks, and many more have appeared there only to be turned away for lack of accommodations. Friendly farmers have put up some of these families in their barns and other buildings; on the Canonsburg road I discovered three families who had taken refuge in a garret over a store run by a sympathetic American turned Communist.

No independent relief whatever is entering the Pittsburgh strike area. The churches and charity organizations in the city are not concerning themselves with the plight of the miners. Only three groups are engaged in the distribution of food and clothing, and all three of them allow political considerations to govern the distribution. Although the Socialists are not at all active in the sense that they might be using the suffering in the coal fields to build up support for their movement, they are nevertheless dispensing relief with the Socialist cause pretty definitely in mind. They are at great pains to see that only present and former members of the party (many of the latter of whom have gone over to the Communists) benefit by the relief they dispense. The United Mine Workers of America are likewise engaged; they remember only those miners who remain faithful to the U. M. W. A. By far the largest amount of relief work is being undertaken by the Pennsylvania-Ohio Striking Miners' Relief Committee, which is affiliated with the National Miners' Union. The committee has organized foraging expeditions (called "Unemployed Councils") in those districts where the strike has been most effective; these expeditions scour the countryside, making door-to-door canvasses for scraps of bread, discarded meat, and other edibles. But in the critical sections, where mines are still operating or the United Mine Workers are still strong, the National Miners' Union has set up soup kitchens and bread lines. This is an essential part of their strike strategy; the Communist leaders use free soup, bread, and beans to break down the opposition of the men who have thus far refused to join the strike, and to strengthen their own lines. In the relief station at Mollenauer hung a huge, hand-drawn placard reading: "Every man, woman, and child must be in Number 8 picket line, or no relief. All relief will be stopped if you are not on the picket line Monday morning."

Such tactics may be open to severe criticism, but it must be remembered that the National Miners' Union is not a charitable organization. It is in the field for the sole purpose of winning the coal strike, and to this end is using whatever relief it can command. Money contributions are coming in primarily from New York City, but foodstuffs are also being contributed by labor unions, some of them affiliated with the A. F. of L., located in various Eastern cities and towns. Most of this food is of solid and nutritious quality, but sadly lacking in variety. At Mollenauer, for example, each registered family was allotted two loaves of bread, a few pounds of potatoes, and a pound of dried beans. Meat was not to be had in the relief station, although in the basement below a stew kettle was kept constantly boiling and hot stew given out to all persons recognized by the man in charge. The mess in the soup kettle was not very savory, but it looked more appetizing than the soup handed out in Chicago and New York bread lines I have seen.

Feeble as are these efforts to satisfy the hunger of thousands of miners' families, the Communists are not being permitted to do even this much without encountering bitter opposition. Their followers are forced daily to face a silent reign of terror. Strikers are shot at from ambush along lonely roads; so frequently do these attacks take place that they no longer draw forth any comment. In the picket lines the strikers must walk meekly and silently if they do not want the hickory club of a deputy sheriff brought down on their heads. (A goodly number of the notorious Coal and Iron Police have lately been rehired as deputy sheriffs in western Pennsylvania.) But the most intense opposition comes from the newspapers of Pittsburgh, particularly from the *Press,* one of the liberal Scripps-Howard chain. Editorially and in its news columns the *Press,* incredible as it may seem, has been supporting the United Mine Workers, although the influence of that organization is rapidly disappearing in the bituminous fields, and has been just as vigorously attacking the National Miners' Union, presumably because of its Communist leadership. It rarely mentions the N. M. U. without referring to its Communist complexion, and it has gone so far as to recommend the use of tear-gas bombs to break up the union's picket lines, although picketing is legal in the State! It is perhaps unfortunate that all three of the Pittsburgh newspapers should belong to national chains; otherwise community spirit might have led these papers to take a more active interest in the predicament of the miners. As it is, they ignore the dreadful suffering of which some of their reporters could give them most accurate and truthful eyewitness accounts.

Out in the field, however, the strikers continue to absorb the teaching of the Communists despite the newspaper opposition. The miners are slowly being convinced that only radical measures can save them. The Communists may be ousted—there is already evidence that federal agents are quietly at work in the coal towns—and the strike may be defeated, but there is not the slightest hope that the conditions which brought on the strike will then have been eliminated or rectified. It is these conditions, interpreted in simple terms by the Communist organizers to be found in every company "patch," that are responsible for the spread of radicalism. "Sure," said a miner's wife, "I'm a Bolshevist, and so's my man and my four kids. What of it? You'd be a Bolshevist, too, if you didn't have enough to eat." Meanwhile Pittsburgh sits silently by, denouncing the Communists—and withholding relief. It believes rather innocently with Judge Payne that the situation "may continue indefinitely."

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Geneva Must Bring Disarmament

By VISCOUNT CECIL

ONE morning next September the delegates of the governments to the Twelfth Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva will find in the official *Journal* of the Assembly a statement which I trust they will read with care. The statement to which I refer is the common policy upon disarmament adopted by the International Federation of League of Nations Societies at their congress at Budapest; and it is a very important indication of the direction in which public opinion on this subject is moving.

When I say public opinion, I am, of course, fully aware of the fact that in many countries the League of Nations societies have not the large number of adherents which they have, for instance, in my own country, or in Japan, or in Belgium. But the delegates to the federation's recent meetings on the subject were, generally speaking, men of weight in their countries who represented the general tenor of moderate opinion therein. I have only to mention a few of those with whom I collaborated at Paris in the preparation of the federation's disarmament statement to illustrate this fact. There was our *rapporteur,* M. Henri Rollin, the legal adviser of the Belgian Foreign Office and one of the most brilliant exponents of League principles in his country; Baron von Rheinbaben, who has often represented Germany at Geneva; Frenchmen such as M. Pierre Cot and M. René Cassin, the latter a leader of a great organization of former combatants; M. Jean Hennessy, a late Ambassador and a Minister of France; M. Arthur Fontaine, French representative on the B. I. T.; Professor Stronski of Poland, and several others. When our statement was discussed at Budapest it also received the support of that great patriot and good European, Count Apponyi, and of his Hungarian colleagues, in terms to which I shall refer in a moment. In short, it may be described as the highest common measure of agreement between those who, however conscious of their national aspirations and difficulties, are united in their conviction that if peace is not to be gravely jeopardized, the 1932 conference must make real progress toward disarmament.

What then are the proposals of this statement? In the first place, we say that the conference must culminate in a definite disarmament treaty, the first, as it must be, of a series of such treaties. In support of this we give several obvious and imperative reasons: "the definite unconditional pledge given by the members of the League of Nations under Article 8 of the Covenant"; the formal promise which M. Clemenceau gave on the Allies' behalf at Versailles "to the states disarmed under the treaties that the exceptional regime applied to them is only a stepping-stone to a general system of universal limitation and reduction"; the evidence of so many great statesmen, economists, jurists, and historians that the "mad race in armaments" has led and must lead to war; the disastrous effect that the failure of the conference would have.

With these obligations and necessities in mind we formulated a definite proposal which has begun to take shape in the ranks of the disarmament movement both in Europe and America. Here it is:

> The situation is such as to justify even now a considerable reduction of armaments, and, apart from the reduction of personnel and material which should be effected, the federation esteems that, provided suitable proportions are laid down for the different states under the conditions mentioned hereunder, the conference should achieve *an all-round reduction of 25 per cent* on the total amount budgeted for armaments.

Taking the whole volume of money spent on armaments in the world—more than £800,000,000 a year—we say that the outcome of the conference should at least involve as a first step the reduction of that sum by a quarter. For national safety, we claim, has been immensely increased by the establishment and ever-developing activity of the League of Nations, by the remarkable progress in the organization of arbitration, by the Locarno agreements, by the Briand-Kellogg Pact, and by the convention for giving financial assistance to a state victim of attack.

That is not to say that we believe "security" to be completely achieved. Fear of war between members of the new international society, the imperfect understanding of and provision for the united action of this society in preventing and suppressing war and in eliminating the causes of war—all that stands in the way of the "more complete disarmament" which the federation believes to be necessary. Hence our statement declares that in order to secure further progress, "means should be sought to strengthen the mutual guaranties of security and loyal observance for treaties." In addition to the familiar means to that end, we made radical proposals concerning two formidable aspects of modern warfare, namely, the air arm and the chemical arm. We called for "the international organization of aviation under the auspices of the League of Nations, in order to insure to the Council the best means of communication and of supervision; and the prohibition of all preparation for chemical and bacteriological warfare."

The suggestions become of particular importance when read with the fourth section of the Budapest resolutions. It is in the following terms:

> It is indispensable that the League of Nations should officially recognize the principle of equality in disarmament between the "vanquished" and the "victorious" Powers, and that the 1932 conference must begin to effect such equality.
>
> This equality must not be attained by increasing armaments already reduced under the treaties, but by the proportionate reduction of those of other states.
>
> In any case, the federation considers that the principle of limitation and reduction of armaments should be the same for all states and, consequently, that
>
> 1. Each state should be bound to limit the amount budgeted for its navy, army, and air force.
>
> 2. The prohibition of certain material, naval, land, or air, enjoined in the treaties should apply to all states signatories to the convention.
>
> 3. The observance of the obligations thus contracted by the states should be insured by a Permanent Disarmament Commission established at the seat of the League of Nations and exercising its control equally over all nations.

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Each of these paragraphs deserves a word of comment. By the first the broad principle of equality is laid down. It is declared that no special regime in the matter of disarmament can be indefinitely maintained for particular countries. To most people that will appear little more than a platitude. Apart from all other considerations, how is it possible to have two classes of members of the League of Nations, one of which can be trusted with unlimited armaments, while the other cannot? Such a state of things is contradictory to the fundamental conception of the League, and can only be tolerated as a transitional measure while the League disarmament schemes are being worked out. The resolution proposes that the first steps toward equality should be taken at the conference next year.

Secondly, it is laid down that equality must be aimed at by leveling down and not by leveling up. We are about to engage on a scheme for disarmament. It would be tragic if it ended only in rearmament.

Thirdly, the resolution proposes that, apart from the strength of the armaments of different countries, the methods of limitation and reduction should be the same for all countries. For instance, if and so far as it is decided that budgetary limitation should apply to any countries, it should apply to all of them. Similarly, at least in principle, prohibition of particular kinds of armaments should be accepted equally by all countries. For instance, the "vanquished" countries are forbidden to have military aircraft. That prohibition might well be made general. It is here that the provision for the internationalization of aviation becomes important. For if there is to be no national air force, international precautions must be taken to prevent the conversion of civilian aircraft into military machines. Finally, whatever control is agreed to for the supervision and enforcement of the disarmament treaty should be applied equally to all states whether "vanquished" or "victorious." This is clearly right and desirable. Nothing can be said in favor of insisting on special precaution against the breach of disarmament obligations in the case of particular states. Whatever is useful to secure performance in one case is or ought to be equally useful in others.

This principle of equality is fundamental to the Budapest scheme. It was unanimously accepted there after it had been unanimously drafted by a subcommittee which met at Paris a few weeks earlier. The changes made in the draft did not weaken any of its main principles. What will the governments say to it next year? If they accept it, agreement will be comparatively easy, for it ought not to be difficult to carry out the principles of the resolution into actual figures.

All that can be said at present is that delegates from France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Hungary, Poland, Britain, and other countries assented to it in Paris and after several weeks' consideration repeated their assent in Budapest. How the proposals will be regarded in other countries remains to be seen. In my country I believe they would be warmly and generally accepted. I trust the same may be true elsewhere. For in this case governments will do no more and no less than public opinion approves.

In conclusion, let me once again appeal to all friends of disarmament. M. Briand indicated the plain duty of all good citizens of Europe and of the world when he said at the Council meeting of the League in January: "Between now and the opening of the conference a great propaganda effort must be undertaken to enlighten the mind of the public on this important question." I believe that all who write or speak upon disarmament or study the problem will find in this statement of the Budapest congress a guide to such "propaganda effort." For here is a policy in which the genuine requirements of France, Germany, Great Britain, and Italy—to mention only those among which marked divergences have appeared in the last few months—may be harmonized and fulfilled, if only the governments, setting aside the sinister suggestions of experts and armament manufacturers, will rely solely on the instincts and aspirations of the common people.

In the Driftway

NOW that summer days, with their attendant humidity, bare-legged young ladies, and weekly drownings are well established among us, the Drifter wishes to come out unrestrainedly for watermelon. A few years ago he would have scoffed at the thought that such a championship was in any way necessary. But of late he has been hearing things. The watermelon contingent does not seem quite so large or so enthusiastic as it used to be. Aspersions have been cast in his presence. Watermelon, according to one unsympathetic and soulless observer, is no better than a glass of water sugared and colored with cochineal. To this heresy the Drifter would oppose the full force of his ripe years, tested wisdom, and world-wide experience. Watermelon, at its best, is no tumbler of pink sugar water. It is ambrosia, delicately flavored, cool, crisp, rosy. And anybody who doesn't think so is an unfeeling, shortsighted ignoramus!

* * * * *

NOTE, however, the qualification. Watermelon—at its best. Its best is not found in cities; it is not found, indeed, north of Mason and Dixon's line. There are actually those persons whose sole acquaintance with watermelon consists in the round, red, flabby "melon balls" served up in a glass cup at the more expensive restaurants. There are others who have eaten their melon in large, natural slices, but who, nevertheless, never tasted, smelt, or felt any but melons picked green and "ripened" on a freight car traveling north. The true watermelon lover, however, knows that the fruit in this state should be shunned like the plague. There are ways to eat watermelon; there is, in fact, one way. Pick a nice, sunny slope adjacent to a watermelon patch. Invade the patch, keeping a wary eye out for its owner. Choose your fruit: it should be large, deep green, and give forth a gurgling sound when shaken. Run quickly to your slope, the watermelon under your arm. Drop it on a convenient stone. It will burst lusciously, scattering seeds—black seeds—at your feet. Pick up the pieces and eat them as fast as you can, stopping for breath only when absolutely necessary. You will soon learn to shoot the seeds out of one side of your mouth while absorbing melon with the other. When you are filled to repletion, walk slowly to the nearest brook, bathe hands and face in the cool water, and lie down to sleep in the sun.

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CONSIDERATION of this technique shows at once how ill-prepared most northern city dwellers are to express an opinion, favorable or otherwise, on this king of fruits. Indeed, city dwellers, who sometimes boast that they enjoy fresh fruits and vegetables all year round, do not know what blasphemy they speak. String beans eaten in New York in December are a travesty of beans grown in a New England garden at the proper time, which is August, picked as soon as the dew is off them, plunged at once into boiling water, and eaten hot with butter. Strawberries displayed in January should be passed by, with head averted. They are only shadows of their true selves. But the worst urban vegetable tragedy is sweet corn. Some laboratory worker once announced that sweet corn lost 75 per cent of its flavor within three hours after it was picked. The Drifter is able to state on confident authority that it loses 100 per cent before that. Small yellow corn, picked, cooked, and eaten within an hour, is a dish for the more fortunate of the gods. The large, rubbery, tasteless ears that pass for corn in city markets are not fit for human consumption. Any self-respecting pig, indeed, would, except for necessary tooth exercise, inevitably pass them by. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Greetings from Mr. Pound

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If you have two pages to spare to a serious discussion of "Ulysses" and Gilbert's "program notes," why haven't you a few lines for the degraded and gorilla-made law which prevents the publication and sale of the masterpiece in our dithering and Hoover-messed fatherland?

Is an infamy less an infamy because it continues from decade to decade?

Rapallo, Italy, June 23 EZRA POUND

A New Party

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Do you not think that the time is now ripe for launching a third-party movement? The only possible way that present conditions can be straightened out is through political action. People sit back, discuss, and criticize the present state of affairs. It surely would avail them more and also help to gain recognition if they organized a new strong party. The two old parties have shown that they are unable to cope satisfactorily with the present situation.

Why wait? Parties begun in a Presidential year, centered around one man, usually die out after election.

How many of your readers agree?

New York, July 4 GEORGE W. J. CHRISTENSEN

Mr. Hoover's Opportunity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial entitled President Hoover's Great Action in *The Nation* for July 1 strikes me as being somewhat hysterical. You speak of Mr. Hoover "grasping a great opportunity," and of our perhaps dating "the rescuing of the world from its present economic chaos from the day of Mr. Hoover's message." But Mr. Hoover has grasped no opportunity. By the stern force of circumstances he has been pushed into making a step which should have been taken long ago. Mr. Hoover, at last recognizing the storm, has reluctantly decided to come out of the rain. He deserves no more credit than any other politician who does likewise.

Macon, Ga., June 29 JOHN D. ALLEN

The Chamorrans

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For over thirty years the Navy Department has been custodian of the welfare of the 15,000 Chamorran inhabitants of the island of Guam, but now that times are hard it finds it advisable to abandon its humanitarian work and look more to its guns. What is to become of the Chamorrans if the island is put under the custody of our Interior Department as a national park? This suggests a playground for tired San Francisco business men, a Pacific Madeira, where the natives can scrub casino floors and serve up the drinks—hardly a just fate for a self-respecting race, which the first American administration found not so badly governed by the Spaniards.

My father, the late William Edwin Safford, who acted as first American lieutenant governor of the island, and who undertook most of the island's administrative duties while the governor was making the place a coaling station, did a splendid piece of work in issuing titles to all the landholders of Guam at a time when carpet-baggers from the States threatened to gobble up all the land and make the natives work for them, but I have heard that subsequent administrators have not been so scrupulous about the natives' rights or so farsighted in their social policy.

Now that we have a Great Humanitarian at the helm, why cannot the United States show that it can be the equal of Denmark, whose policy of "Greenland for the Eskimos" costs $100,000 a year, but insures the future well-being of the inhabitants? If the people of Guam have suffered from thirty years of American rule, after having prospered for three hundred years under Spain, whose is the guilt?

Newmarket, Ont., June 15 D. WADE SAFFORD

An Impromptu Barbecue

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Wolf Creek Canyon a power company which has grown from a small, wood-burning electric plant for Butte to a rating of one hundred million dollars is digging a ditch to bring natural gas 273 miles to smelt copper ore at Anaconda and heat our nearby cities. A week ago there were 300 men on the job and 300 more there hunting a job.

A bakery truck appeared loaded with bread for the commissary. At least 150 men surrounded this and firmly took all the bread for immediate free distribution. A hungry clergyman, munching a dry loaf, pointed to a prime steer grazing nearby, with the remark, "It is written: 'Man shall not live by bread alone.'" Inquiry revealed no firearms in the assembly. A cowpuncher and butcher agreed to use a rope and knife instead of the more modern hunting implement. The steer soon became dressed beef. A barbecue was soon under way directed by a lank youth who claimed skill at the art. At this time the sheriff appeared in answer to a telephone call from the rancher who had lately owned the steer.

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The executive of the law loudly asked, "Who robbed the bread wagon?" About 150 men rose and sang out in chorus, "We did." To the second official inquiry, "Who killed the steer?" another platoon of 150 loudly admitted the imputation.

The sheriff of Helena does not lack a sense of humor. He also has some regard for his taxpayers. After a few minutes aside with the rancher (one of these taxpayers) about the expense of keeping 300 men until the next term of court and the folly of seeking a conviction, he said, "Boys, a barbecue is mighty flat without coffee, sugar, or salt. There is some at the commissary; here is ten dollars to buy it with." He added, "I hear some of you fellows have been fishing in Wolf Creek. This is a closed stream until 1934 by order of the game warden. Stop that fishing short off, or I will put you in jail powerful quick." Then he departed.

Butte, Mont., July 4 LOWNDES MAURY

Cobden's House

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Americans who may be visiting England this year, and especially those who are interested in international peace, Anglo-American friendship, and tariff questions, may be glad to know that Richard Cobden's home at Dunford has been opened to the public as a guest house, and that there are a number of rooms available for visitors who wish to enjoy a few days in the delightful woods and surroundings of Midhurst. It has been furnished by Cobden's surviving daughter, Mrs. Jane Fisher Unwin, with Cobden's furniture and with pictures and curiosities of all kinds, including records of his interest in the United States and of his dealings with Napoleon III, with whom he negotiated the Anglo-French treaty of commerce in 1860.

London, June 29 FRANCIS W. HIRST

A Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I beg to correct an error in your issue of July 1. In the review of a book entitled "Noguchi," by Gustav Eckstein, the reviewer speaks of the subject of the book as Yone Noguchi. This should read Hidei Noguchi. Yone Noguchi is the author of several books of poetry and essays on art and kindred subjects, and is still living. Hidei Noguchi is the distinguished scientist who lost his life in Africa while studying yellow fever.

Bar Harbor, Me., July 3 LEONIE GILMOUR (Mrs. Yone Noguchi)

An Appeal for Mercy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Court of Appeal of Zagreb, Croatia, in its capacity of a delegate court of the Special Tribunal for the Protection of the State of Belgrade, Serbia, the latter court being too busy with other repressive trials, sentenced on June 30 two young Croat Nationalists, Mark Hranilovitch and Matthew Soldin, to death, and ten other members of their group to 115 years of prison, for the assassination in 1929 of Anthony Schlegel, editor of a pro-dictatorship daily, though it was established before the court that the two real perpetrators of the deed had succeeded in crossing the frontier in time.

All the accused, several of whom were acquitted, were subjected to cruel tortures in the police jail of Zagreb, and the sentences were based on confessions extorted by torture.

Two of the men sent to prison for twenty years—Stephen Javor, a respectable merchant and ex-alderman of Zagreb, the Croat capital, and Anthony Herceg, a journalist—were cruelly emasculated by the "investigating" officers. These two and several others have been made cripples for life.

An appeal for intervention in these cases is being made to leading Europeans and to international organizations, such as M. Briand, T. G. Masaryk, the League of Nations, the League for the Rights of Man, and so on. I join this movement by appealing also to the enlightened section of American public opinion.

New York, July 11 L. D. KEZMAN

Contributors to This Issue

PETER H. ODEGARD, professor of political science at Ohio State University, is the author of "Pressure Politics; the Story of the Anti-Saloon League."

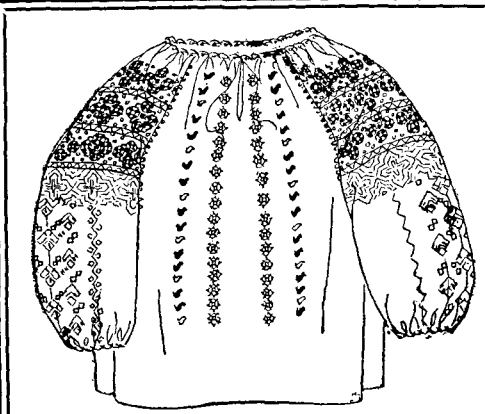
VISCOUNT CECIL, one of the most distinguished of British statesmen, is known throughout the world for his work in behalf of disarmament by international agreement.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS contributes verse to various periodicals.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a writer on economic and other subjects for current periodicals.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

FRED T. MARSH writes occasional book reviews for *The Nation*.



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Books

Intra Muros

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Something that might have issued from a line
Of Druid ancestors became his feud
Against the Builders; he had seen their sign
Before the rape of many a solitude
Had left behind a city of the dead.
But he outran them, setting up a wall
About a plot of woodland where, he said,
No road should enter and no tree should fall.

There were no paths, no mark of ax or spade
To break upon that older unconcern,
Of which his love of quiet was the link.
Yet by a deeper hush he stands betrayed—
The deer no longer bed among the fern,
Or in the heat of noonday come to drink.

The End of Reparations

The End of Reparations. By Hjalmar Schacht. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

NEVER was there a more timely publication than this. In the week in which the fate of the entire financial world has been trembling in the balance as the withdrawal of foreign credits and balances has been threatening every bank in Germany, the former president of the Reichsbank publishes in the United States his book which first appeared in Germany half a year or more ago. More than that, this same week has seen him suggested as a possible dictator of the German currency—this same Schacht who resigned the presidency of the Reichsbank because of his opposition, not to the Young Plan, as has been alleged, but to the policy of the Allies in overloading and amending the Young Plan with subsequent conditions and demands which, as he says, went directly contrary to the plan and the spirit in which it was to have been accepted and lived up to by both sides. Especially was he opposed to the sanctions clause inserted by the French in the final Hague Protocol, which was precisely what Owen D. Young wished to avoid. Naturally Herr Schacht quotes from his letter of resignation one passage which he doubtless now feels to have been completely vindicated by the most recent events:

> Since, in place of this peaceful economic agreement, each of the creditor Powers has reserved its freedom of political action against Germany, it has become quite impossible for Germany, without endangering her exchange and economic life, to accept the responsibility laid upon her by the Dawes Plan to collect and pay the tribute. So long as a political threat hovers over Germany, her interest rate and her credit will both be impaired, and the unremitting pressure to keep the mark stable will invoke restrictions of credit and deflation crises which will be a constant menace to German economic life.

Even more striking is the following exact prognosis of what has just happened in Germany:

> But a sudden call to repay foreign credits would strike the Reichsbank particularly hard, for naturally the first draft would be made upon its supply of gold and exchange. It is well known that the Reichsbank is required to maintain a reserve of 40 marks in gold and exchange against every 100 marks issued in the form of notes. Now if the gold and exchange reserve were suddenly to drop, let us say 400,000,000 marks, the Reichsbank would be entitled to a note circulation of not exceeding one billion marks, whereas the present circulation averages more than four times that figure. It is obvious that a sudden calling in of foreign credits would not endanger the stability of the currency or Germany's capacity to pay, but that such an event would have catastrophic consequences upon German economic life, and devastating effects of a social and economic nature.

Herr Schacht's volume is, of course, highly partisan and not without political tinge. It has the merit that it does not hesitate to criticize the author's own country and its recent governments. The last administration of Hermann Müller he holds responsible for Germany's surrender on the question of the additions to the Young Plan. The Socialists he attacks for their piling up of those municipal, communal, and state debts against which Parker Gilbert warned so earnestly when Agent General of Reparations, and for the "welfare measures, the bad economics, and the expensive bureaucracy of this Marxism." He fails, however, to cite the defense of the Socialists—the necessity of employing idle men in public works and the great need of communal welfare institutions to keep content the public which has been so sorely tried by the terrible burdens and tragedies of life in Germany since August 1, 1914, and to head off communism. That there was loose financiering and extravagance cannot be denied. But Schacht writes about these things in the spirit of the conventional, reactionary capitalist. Germany's "commercial and economic enterprises are almost exclusively conducted by able and conscientious men who are fully aware of their economic and financial responsibilities." But when the political state "goes into business" and "production falls under the influence of men without training who are primarily politicians"—only then does a "menace to productivity and credit occur"! How Herbert Hoover will purr in sympathy if he reads these words!

But whatever Herr Schacht's limitations because of passion, prejudice, and point of view, he is everlastingly right in his main contentions on reparations and debt policies. One may smile at the complete fallacy and the outworn imperialism of his arguments as to Germany's colonies; one may wonder, after reading his memorandum of April, 1919, at his daring to scold others for mixing politics and economics; but he says what is true when he reiterates that "thus far the reparations system has been kept functioning only by means of foreign loans," and that "the Treaty of Versailles and the reparations requirements have plunged the world into moral and economic chaos." He insists that there are still two ways out of this chaos—one, the reconstruction in honesty, truth, and justice of the treaty; the second, the enabling of the Germans, if reparations are to continue, to earn them by the expansion of their European markets, by the leveling of tariff barriers, and so on.

As for the title of Herr Schacht's book, I agree with its correctness. The end of reparations is at hand. As Wendell Phillips said of American slavery after the John Brown raid, "True, the slave is still there. So when the tempest uproots a pine on your hills, it looks green for months, a year or two. Still, it is timber, not a tree." So the present financial tempest is completing the uprooting of the whole reparations business. France may swear that it still lives—it is but timber. While the controversy goes on, and the nations of Europe fight for their very existence, this book of Dr. Schacht's is an invaluable book of reference. It has indispensable facts and figures, some material not printed elsewhere, and a point of view that one must know to understand and judge the whole situation.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

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Holy Terror

Memoirs of a Terrorist. By Boris Savinkov. Albert and Charles Boni. $3.

IN the early teens of this century the Russian revolution was clearly divisible into three major schools. The Mensheviks were beginning to straggle on their long journey toward the shoddy Golgotha of counter-revolution. The Bolsheviks were making for bolshevism. And then there were the Socialist Revolutionaries.

Of these three schools the Socialist Revolutionary Party was the oldest, by far the largest, the most Russian, naive, romantic, and sentimental. Its left wing especially may be said to have been the Russian version of utopian socialism. It was the direct descendant of the "will of the people" of the '70's, which had been a sort of purple Franciscanism, characterized by an almost libidinous love of the masses. Many of the Socialist Revolutionary leaders came from the upper and noble layers. Their philosophy was a mixture of romantic anarchism, simple-minded syndicalism, and a highly visionary democracy—all rather eccentrically interwoven into a bigotry of sweetness and light and a martyrology of direct action. They were at once mystic humanitarians and believers in political assassination. The noblest among them were neurotically noble, conscientious objectors to all realism of which they disapproved. Their physical courage and their sense of revolutionary dignity amounted to a psychosis. On the whole, they were more Bakuninist than Marxian, more anarcho-syndicalist than modern Socialist. The October revolution finished them in a few months. Yet their influence on the course of the whole Russian revolution was profound, ineffable, incalculable. They were as Russian as the Russian novel of their day. They expressed the revolutionary reaction of the Russian people to three centuries of sadistic autocracy. In them the Russian revolutionary movement was half-crazed into magnificent tragedy by a Caliban order.

The Socialist Revolutionary Party had a terrorist section, the far-famed and feared "fighting organization." The function of this secret unit, whose active membership never at one time exceeded about a dozen effectives, was to condemn in committee and then to assassinate the most notorious and noxious of the political tyrants and perverts of the Czarist regime. These terrorists were the red vigilantes at a time when the spirit of the revolution was being stifled by persecution and inertia into a nihilistic pessimism. Since the party as a whole had no clear-cut revolutionary outlook, its terrorist section, with its underground personnel, tended to drift away from the sociality of the revolution into a terrorist monkhood. The terrorists lived altogether in a revolutionary underworld, moving in and out of Russia with false passports, names, occupations, living in a narrow circle of pure conspiracy, in an endemic state of mortal danger within the very web of a martial and corrupt secret police, in a revolutionary insane asylum in which one's best friend might be an *agent provocateur*. Homeless, loveless, nonsocial, their whole life was focused on one act: to mix their own flesh, blood, and brain with that of their victims so that the detonation of their self-sacrifice might awaken the world to the criminal order which was then Russia. And the world of the first decade of our century did watch their heroic, hair-raising, unequal, and crazily lofty struggle with breathless attention.

Savinkov's "Memoirs" cover the most exciting period of terrorist activity, from 1902 to 1909. He supervised the assassinations of von Plehve and the Grand Duke Sergius, the attempts on the lives of Dubassov, Durnovo, and the Czar. He tells in detail the amazing story of Azev, the chief of the terrorist section, who proved to be a police spy, a revolutionary centaur, half honest revolutionary, half provocative agent, possible only in a fantastically diseased social order. Father Gapon, an infinitely weaker edition of Azev, was also unmasked as a stool pigeon. Savinkov was by no means among the nobler of the great terrorist figures, such as Vera Figner or Gershuni before his day or his coworkers Kaliayev or Sazanov. But he was a colorful desperado. In time the social revolution receded more and more from his ideologically feeble mind, and he became ever more the secret agent of professional revolutionary vengeance, an engineer of political terror and assassination, a technician in the catacombs of conspiracy. Needless to say his "Memoirs" are a spectacular Odyssey, which no tale of fictional adventure could possibly rival.

For a while Savinkov was a member of Kerensky's Government. In a government he felt like a fish out of water. His conception of all government was intrigue and conspiracy. He was violently anti-Bolshevik, fundamentally because the Soviet state had a goal. In a state of complete spiritual deterioration he joined one white movement after another, actually instigating the pogroms of Petlura and managing the crimes of Kolchak. But the failure of the white movements and, possibly, his own revolutionary past and subconscious impulses drove him to reenter Soviet Russia, where he was caught; and recanted. The Soviet government treated him more like a psychopath than a responsible counter-revolutionary. He was sentenced to ten years' detention, given a library, a car, a chauffeur. But the reconstruction period did not require his Promethean conception of revolutionary sacrifice. Its "terror" was social and not conspiratorial. It was a dictatorship, not an underworld. The Russian revolution, even if it had trusted him, no longer needed the only thing he had to give—his almost acrobatic capacity to hold his life in the palm of his hand. And being useless, he wound up the logic of his life by bashing out his brains. In spite of his social sadism after the October revolution it is difficult to be hard on him. In his "Memoirs" he shows himself as a splendid gangster of freedom when liberty was the greatest of crimes.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Robert Burns

The Life of Robert Burns. By Catherine Carswell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

MISS CARSWELL'S biography is well documented, accurately detailed, and carries the reader back through two generations of its subject's ancestry; but it is also written with charm, and with a frequent but unobtrusive wit like that of a Strachey in a shy mood. Thus it stands high by the measure of the two main traditions in biography; it achieves many of the merits of both where similar and more deliberate efforts usually achieve little of either.

The first fourth of the book is the longest to read, as it probably took longest to prepare. The material is fresh enough and, in retrospect, relevant. But the chill of duty is upon it. Mrs. Carswell's determined brick-laying of data and incident here makes similar labor for the reader. The account of Robert's father is itemized enough and almost long enough to form a separate, brief biography. But William Burns, good and admirable though he was, does not provide entertaining biographical substance. It is here that Miss Carswell's writing, which later becomes firm and edged with penetrating phrases, is dulled by detail.

There is nowhere in the book an iconoclastic attitude, yet it succeeds in breaking the Dionysian idol of those who are worshipful of tipsy and irresponsible genius; and at the same time it destroys the myth of the Bad Example.

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Burns was not a gipsy nature. He traveled much in Scotland itself, but his wanderings were not aimless. On his most care-free tours he was at work hunting up tunes and verses for his collections of Scotch folk-song. So little was he the rover that the prospect of a trip to London upset him; and after a long time the project of a journey to the West Indies as an escape from his troubles obsessed him as a nightmare rather than allured him as an adventure. Far from being irresponsible, Burns was persecuted by his sense of responsibility. He was a typical child of a poor but respectable family, constantly on the edge of insolvency. He grew up with a morbid consciousness of insecurity, a hysterical fear of debt. It was to be with him to his last days, when an unpaid bill worried him perhaps out of a fortnight of life.

To his bastards, and to the women who bore them, he was tender and considerate. His first affair was, traditionally enough, with a servant in the house. He refused to marry her, for good reasons, but he kept the child, who stayed with him in the household of which his father's death had just left him the master. His subsequent affair with Jean Armour gave him another bastard, which also he supported; but this time Robert sought to marry the girl and was rejected by her parents. Many years afterward, when his reputation awed away their resistance, he did marry her. Mary Campbell, whom he took up with after his rebuff by Jean Amour's parents, he married by a signed agreement on paper, which according to Scotch custom was as valid as a certificate. Had she not died in an unfortunate pregnancy he would have added the formal rites. His affairs in Edinburgh were in a sense forced upon him by the snobbishness and frigidity of the ladies in polite society. His proposal to one was dismissed with hauteur; his intimacy with the more bending but preposterous "Clarinda," Mrs. McLehose, was constricted to the maddest platonic love that has left a literary memorial. Women being a necessity to him, he resorted to frank and willing barmaids. His feeling for women, however, was in every generous sense an honorable one. He was tender, loving, and respectful. There was not a trace of cynicism in it. He did not make conquests; he loved—happy to give and grateful for what he received.

Mrs. Carswell says that his character was flawed, but is there in all humanity, in all times one unflawed? Burns was proud, egotistical, at times vain; but his humility before the memory of poets he admired was noble. He was often cringing, but living in a caste-conscious age he could hardly help himself. He dared often to think himself the better man, but tradition, environment, habit, and policy as well, since the lords were the holders and bestowers of privilege, forced him now and then to flatter; and always, when sober, to guard his tongue. He was a libertarian; but when the government instituted repressive measures he shrank from the liberals and joined the patriotic volunteers. It was undignified, even cowardly, but he had his exciseman's job to protect, the job in which he had "made good" and earned income enough to give him a sense of security. He was in the situation that harasses and makes a mess of the principles of the white-collar class always and everywhere.

Where his nature did not come into deforming contact with society, he shows a clear, free, and generous spirit. In spite of his terror of poverty, Burns never sought to make money from his writing. To the end he had a decent respect for his art that was innate and powerfully self-assured. He did not seek publication; he had the wisdom and the good fortune to make his chief audience his family and his neighbors. The satisfaction he got from his poems was thus direct and immediate. Instead of the delusive cold permanence of print he had the warm, living permanence of the human memory. The people, not having much in the way of letters, kept what they fancied in their heads.

This habit of depending upon the memory was of infinite value to Burns. It enabled him to compose while he was following the plow or doing any other of the farm tasks that can be left to habituated muscles while the mind is free. He would bring home to be written down at night whole poems, composed and memorized in the field.

To what he loved he gave a generous loyalty. For another rustic poet, Fergusson, who had died in neglect in Edinburgh, he gave twenty pounds out of his own security to raise a monument over his grave. Loving Scotch folk-song, he devoted himself to its preservation, and had the taste to prefer the native tunes to the vulgar "arrangements" then thought necessary to make them presentable in a lady's parlor.

It would have been fortunate perhaps if Burns could have stayed among his own farming people. The unjust economy of tenant farming of his day made this impossible. To secure a job with the help of patrons to be found in Edinburgh he went outside his class. He was lionized but also condescended to. He got his job but it took him long enough to gain a bitterly true knowledge of his "superiors"; too long to make his return to farming and to his own people palatable or even possible. The outcome was a conflict which in turn produced a neurosis that was to torment him to the end.

Mrs. Carswell has written a distinguished biography. It gives us the man, the poet, and his time. The biography leads one irresistibly to a rereading of the poet, which is perhaps its chief service and one of its greatest pleasures; and it is astonishing how closely the poet thus rediscovered fits into the man Mrs. Carswell has portrayed. ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Death, Destruction, and Power

Hatter's Castle. By A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

NOT since "Wuthering Heights" have we had a horror story that so completely satisfies all the requirements of the genre. Hatter's Castle is the home of a great, blustering, egocentric paranoiac, a hatter in a small Scottish town fifty years ago. James Brodie is convinced of his noble birth; he is a large, handsome man, domineering, brutal, deluded with visions of his own grandeur. The tale of his downfall, which is brought about by the destruction or death of every member of his family save one, makes the book. At the end he is a skeleton of his former self, destroyed by drink, by the failure of his last hope, by his own vast, vain aspirations and desires.

Nothing is left out of the book to make it terrifying. There is first the house itself, a stone absurdity, the replica in miniature of some Scottish castle, the "last house on the road," which "suddenly chilled" the sweet spring wind that struck it. There is Brodie, so large, so completely the master of his household. There is the household itself: the wife, a poor, sniveling creature, reduced to abjection by her husband and to die horribly of cancer; the older daughter, lovely, gentle, courageous, yet not quite able to cope with her brute of a father, got with child by her lover who is killed before he can marry her, thrown out of doors by her father in a raging storm, making her pain-racked way through beating rain, rushing torrents, howling wind to shelter in a cowshed where her child is born; there is the worthless son, unable to look his father in the eye, robbing and lying to his doting mother, running off with a barmaid who is at last his father's only consolation in life; and last but not least the younger daughter, destined by her father for the university and a prize-winning scholarship, urged to study day and night, pale, weak, apt, but so terrified of her father's rage that, when the great moment

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comes and she loses the prize, she hangs herself from the kitchen ceiling, her father's last remaining hope.

This, of course, is not a cheery tale. But the horror story is meant not to cheer but to harrow, and Mr. Cronin has faithfully fulfilled his task. He has done more. His story is differentiated from the ordinary example of its class in two ways. One is his successful combination of romantic terror and realism. When it is necessary to present a scene of unhappiness or desolation or sordidness, no pains are spared to make the picture clear. None of the elegant circumlocutions which sheltered the reader of earlier tales is employed. A spade is described as it is, and if filth clings to it, then the filth is given its proper name. Moreover, Mr. Cronin, incredibly enough, inspires pity in the reader for James Brodie. The last scene in the book, indeed, is so completely horrible, with Nessie pitifully hanging from the ceiling, her schoolbooks piled on a chair beside her, her poor little hat with its new ribbon awry on her head, that no reader could possibly be flint-hearted enough not to look with compassion on the bent, racked figure of her father. He might have been a cheap, stock-company villain, brought to his comeuppance by the forces of goodness and righteousness. He is, instead, a tragic figure, destroyed by his own great vices, a man of strength brought to dust, an Oedipus putting out his own eyes through his own folly.

It is this fact that distinguishes Mr. Cronin from other writers who have attempted the same feat, that, indeed, makes him with this, his first novel, a novelist to be watched and reckoned with. His Mary is all that is beautiful, good, tender, and pure; she is not ridiculous. His Brodie is the embodiment of all villainy; he is nevertheless tragic. Black is black, with Mr. Cronin, and white is blinding white. But because of his frankness and his courage, because he is not afraid of the heights and the depths of his characters, he achieves something of the mighty eloquence that must be in all novels before they are great.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

"Excellency—a few goats . . ."

When the Wicked Man. By Ford Madox Ford. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

IT is in that most charming of adventure tales "Romance," on which Ford collaborated with Conrad, that the deathless line appears. A villainous, piratical, but fearful fellow is called to the witness-stand. Ford is doing the writing:

"Of what occupation?"
"Excellency—a few goats . . ."

"That," Conrad exclaimed delightedly, "is genius!"

Mr. Ford, even back in those days, sincerely considered himself (and few seem to have disputed him) the best living English stylist. Good style, he once wrote in effect (I am depending upon memory), is the art of prodding one's readers by giving them a constant succession of slight shocks. He himself has dipped into the same bag of tricks all these years, and they never fail to please—especially the fastidious reader. Sentences, phrases, adjectives, all kinds of words and word combinations are arranged in almost but not quite the usual way. He is a stylist of many devices. One is to employ a hackneyed phrase—"Notterdam bit his tongue" (after making the wrong remark)—and then comment upon it—"He did not believe that people bit their tongues, but he had bitten his."

Mr. Ford is an avowed disciple of Henry James. In his own novels he seeks to convey to his readers the hidden nuances as mind impinges upon mind, attempting to give expression to those indefinable but ever-so-important mental and emotional reactions which the meanings behind a few words, or bits of facial or bodily expression, carry over from one person to another as the spiritual state of each shifts uneasily about seeking an equilibrium, a defined opinion, whether in love, hate, excitement, wonder, pity, distaste, or mere indifference.

By reason of his apt touches, the freshness of his language, his insight into the mental and emotional responses of certain kinds of people, Mr. Ford, in a long series of volumes in varied fields, has made a valuable contribution to the literature of his period. The present novel, I venture to opine, stands near the bottom of the list. One can forgive him his incredible American scene—and surely Mr. Ford, who is (although, as Mencken used to say, *geb.* Hueffer) so thoroughly English, who is so familiar and sympathetic with France, is dead wrong on nearly all points when he generalizes about these States. One is merely amused when he has a high-school boy ask his sister if Anna Petersen in her class is "really such a swell fan in composition." But these people—these incredible shades—Notterdam and Kratch, Elspeth, Henrietta, and Lola Porter, and most of the others, all as sterile and fruitless as they are unbelievable, are unforgivable. Mr. Ford has nodded.

FRED T. MARSH

Books in Brief

Strange Thoroughfare. By Sonia Ruthèle Novák. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

This story of Esther O'Shane, the gifted, impulsive, unworldly, imaginative child and woman who, in spite of her three marriages and many experiences, remains congenitally ignorant of the practical world around her, of the small and mean and realistic aspects of daily living, is wrought into a moving and disturbing first novel. Madame Novák has developed an original technique in the telling of it which is full of possibilities. Chiefly by conversations she has built up an unusual novel structure, episode by episode. She has an original gift with the problem of dialects—the Southern, the Negro, the German, the modern vulgate, and others—and a decided talent in indicating in written conversation personal, regional, or colloquial idiom. By exercising greater restraint in emotional and dramatic scenes and by toning down a tendency toward obvious exaggerations, Madame Novák should write a second novel of outstanding distinction.

And No Birds Sing. By Pauline Leader. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

Miss Leader at twenty-two has written an impassioned, intensely personal story of herself. Her prose is simple, chaste, delicately wrought, beautifully adapted to convey her message without a touch of hysteria or false dramatics. Not that that message could ever be so important to others as to herself. One grows as the years pass, accepting the inevitable, callous to what passes as injustice. One learns that there is no such thing as justice—that there is merely a temporary balance in social adjustment which, we can only hope, may attain a higher level than the one which today places on the shoulders of ardent and sensitive youth an almost intolerable burden. Miss Leader is obviously the instinctive poet. Her problem in facing life began long before she became deaf. She does not spare her father and mother. She hated them. And yet she shows a certain objective understanding of what lay back of their cruelty and lack of understanding. She does not spare herself. She was proud and, in a small New England town, hated their Jewishness. But her sympathies, too, were large and wide—for was she not a poet? The story of her struggles in New York, alone and stone deaf and with an original capital of twenty dollars (for she had run away from home), are swiftly but movingly told. One cannot lay the book down.

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Alexandrian Poetry Under the First Three Ptolemies: 324-222 B.C. By Auguste Couat. With a Supplementary Chapter by Emile Cahen. Translated by James Loeb. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.50.

Couat's "La Poésie alexandrine sous les trois premiers Ptolémées," published though it was in 1883, is still the best general account of the Greek poetry, sometimes called Hellenistic, which we know in connection with the names of Callimachus, Apollonius of Rhodes, Theocritus, Aratus, and Eratosthenes. If only one of these poets is now widely read, all of them had their glorious day, and Callimachus, to whom fully half of the present volume is devoted, was and is of the first historical importance. Couat was prepared for his great task not only by learning and imagination but by a conviction that certain parallels existed between the Alexandrianism of Alexandria and the Alexandrianism of modern Europe. His book, therefore, has always been more than a treatise on late Greek poetry; it has exposed the anatomy of our contemporary decadence as well. It is a beautiful performance, and Mr. Loeb, who has already put every student immeasurably in his debt by publishing the Loeb Classical Library, has increased that debt by translating, with grace and fidelity, this portrait of a school of poets who, coming between the greater Greeks who preceded them and the greater Romans who followed them, taught the latter much of what they knew and so prepared the ground for modern literature. The supplementary chapter by Emile Cahen ably summarizes the knowledge of the field which has been gained through the discovery of new texts since 1883.

A New Model of the Universe. By P. D. Ouspensky. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

This is a medley of essays on modern themes written from the point of view of an esoteric cult. Although the essays profess to use the psychological method to reveal new knowledge in science, religion, and art, the only knowledge that a non-esoteric reader will derive from them is about the psychological workings of the esoteric mind. There are two major dogmas of esotericism: first, that there is a hidden reality not revealed to ordinary mortals or by the ordinary light of reason; and, second, that a knowledge of this reality was vouchsafed to a circle of initiates in time immemorial and has been kept alive in a secret tradition. Mr. Ouspensky's reflections on all topics are dictated by these two dogmas. Thus the technical mathematical conception of the fourth dimension offers an occasion for him to tell us what takes place in that dimension. Similarly Einstein's theory of relativity, which formulates a verified interrelationship between the measurements of space and time, is taken as an invitation to unleash his speculative imagination and to construct a "new model of the universe" in six dimensions, three of space and three of time (in accordance with the ancient symbolism of the six-pointed star). The doctrine of evolution is rejected in order to fit in with the esoteric claim that man fell from perfection. And so on.

The Black Napoleon: The Story of Toussaint Louverture. By Percy Waxman. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

This is a fascinating book about a fascinating character. And it is a timely book. So much interest has been taken in the Negro of late that one could almost have predicted that this age would produce its biography of the most remarkable black soldier, diplomat, and statesman in modern times. It is a pity, however, that Mr. Waxman carries his enthusiasm for his hero to the point of misrepresenting the history of the time. Slavery conditions in the French West Indies before 1789 were undoubtedly bad—liberal colonials like Dubuc and Malouet admitted it. But this author describes them for the most part with unrestrained rhetoric. Then there is the matter of the "white Napoleon." Mr. Waxman follows Henry Adams much too closely. Recent research in the history of the Leclerc expedition has shown that Bonaparte acted openly against Toussaint with the approval of England and the United States. President Jefferson, for example, had no desire to see develop in the Caribbean what he styled a "new Algiers." Toussaint was unfortunate enough to be weaker than Bonaparte. There seems to be no evidence that his incarceration in France particularly horrified contemporaries. It was, and is, a rule of war. How many today remember that a modern Toussaint Louverture in the person of Abd-el-Krim, the Riffian chieftain, has been languishing almost five years as a prisoner of state on the island of Réunion? And yet no Bonaparte rules in Paris.

The Quicksands of the City. By Hartley Withers. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

The former editor of the London *Economist* here attempts to lay down the principles of investment. He considers the relative merits as investments of bonds and common stocks, and strongly recommends that the inexperienced put their money in the securities of investment trusts. But the American reader must always bear in mind that Mr. Withers is talking of the English investment trusts; most of our own are horses of a very different color.

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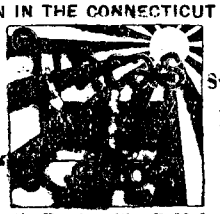

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